

FAMES MEMORIALL,

OR
The Earle of Deuonshire
Deceased:

With his honourable life, peacefull end,
and solemne Funerall.

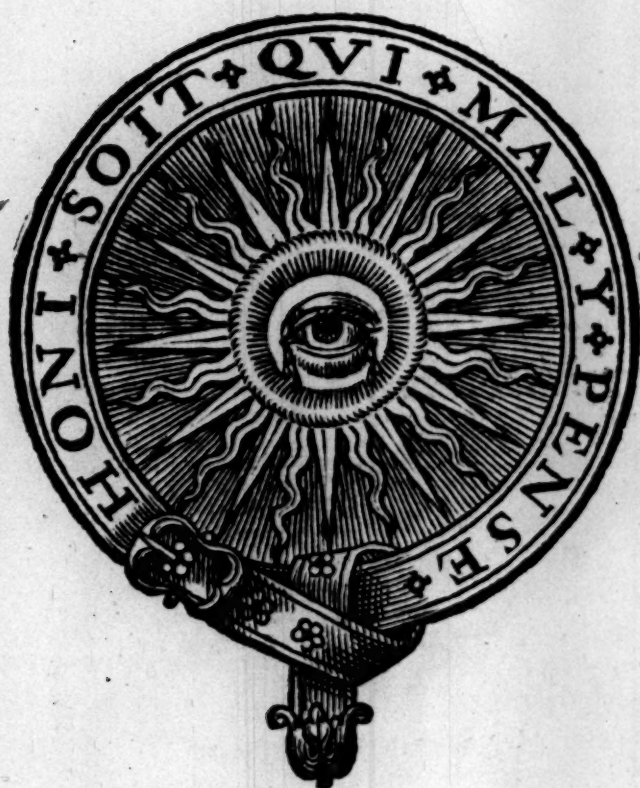
— *quis talia fando*
Mirmydonum, Dolopumue, aut duri miles Vlissi
Temperet à lachrimis? —



AT LONDON

Printed for Christopher Purset, dwelling at the signe of
the Mary Magdalens head neer Staple Inne
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*To the Rightly right Honorable Lady,
the Lady Penelope, Countesse
of Deuonshire.*



*M*OST NOBLE LADY,
had the blessings whilō
bestowed, and too soon
deprived, beene as per-
manent, as they were
glorious: the world had
not then had such a ge-
nerall cause of iust sor-

row to bewaile, nor I of perticular grieve to in-
scribe, the present losse of so worthy a lord: but
a most sad trueth it is, *Fate may be lamented, neuer
recalled*: vpon which infallible axiome, despe-
rate of all possibility, either of regaining the
same, or hoping his peere; as much as in the
reache of my weake talent lay (vnusuall to this
stile) I haue endeouored to register his memory,
whose memory will grace my labors. To you,
(*excellent*

The Epistle

(*excellent Lady*) it was intended, to you it is addressed: not doubting, but whatsoever hath beene of him sayd, and trewly saide, your honourable fauour, will allow the fauourable protection of your expressest patronage, who whiles he liued endowed you and iustly endowed you, with all the principalles of his sincerest hart, and best fortunes. Let not therfore (*worthy Countesse*) my rasher presumption, seeme presumptuous folly, in the eyes of your discreeter iudgement, in that without your priuie (being a meere straunger altogether vnknowne vnto you) I haue thus aduentured, to shelter my lines, vnder the well-guided conduct of your Honorable name: grounding my boldnes vpon this assurance, that true gētility is euer accōpanyd (especially in your sex, more specially in your selfe) with her inseparable adiunct, singular Humanity, principally towards those, whom neither Mercenary hopes or seruile flattery, haue induced to speake but with the Priuiledge of troth. And as for such, who misdeeme virtue without cause, innocency shall pittie them, though not eagerly with mortall

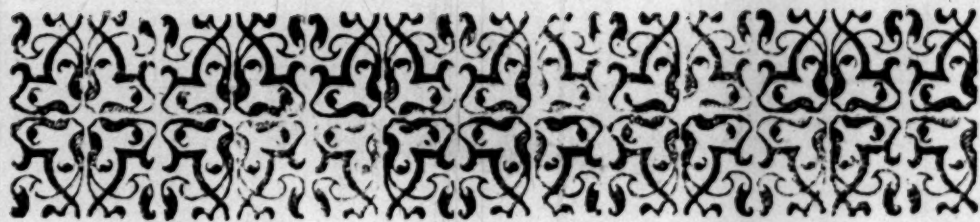
Dedicatorie.

tall hate: yet simply with naked truth to which
enuy is euer opposite. Thus (*Madame*) presu-
ming on your acceptance, I will in the meane
while, thinke my willing paynes (hitherto
confined to the Innes of Courte studyes
much differente) highlie guerdoned,
and mine vnfeathered Muse (as
soone dead as borne) richly
graced, vnder the plumes
of so worthy a pro-
tectresse.

The honourer and louer of your
noble perfections,

IO: FORDE.



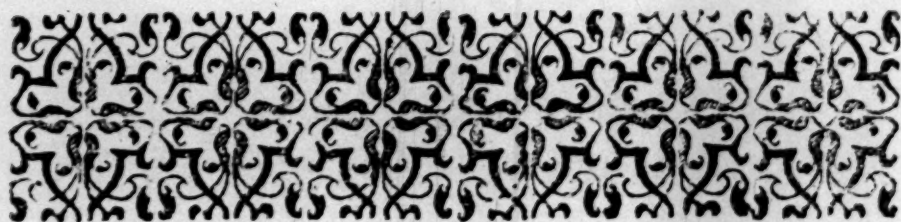


To each affected Reader.

*P*ERuerse construction of a plaine intent,
*N*Either is scorn'd, respected, or dispis'd:
*L*Osing of their sleight loues, who neuer meant,
*P*ECuliar knowledge, willingly is pris'd,
*C*ONTENTed happinesse, secured peace,
*O*F selfe content is euer happiest ease.

*D*EVOtion to the carelesse is meer folly,
*N*O SHallow enuy of malicious *I*R E,
Can moue my resolution, grounded wholly
On hopes of better iudgement, I desire
The fauour of my fauourers, not any
Vnwillling eyes, I striue not to please many.

*Non omnibus studeo,
non maleuolis.*





To Master *Iohn Forde* of the Middle
Temple, vpon his *Fames Memoriall*,
this Madrigall.

IF that renowned Lord (whose powerfull fame,
in strength of wars, and calmes of peace exceeded)
hath after death purchas'd so great a name,
that it must prosper as it hath proceeded:
Then must in time those spightfull plants be weeded;
which liuing yet, him liuing would haue choaked:
and those sweet wittes touch'd with a sacred flame
of his ritch virtues, shall aduance the same.
But thou (by those deserts in him prouoked
that song his honours which so much exceeded;
whose pleasant pen in sacred water soaked
of *Castaly* did register his worth)
Reapest much part of honour for thy pen,
through him: faire mirror of our Englishmen,
whom with due dignity thy *Muse* set fourth.

BAR: BARNES.

In eundem.

*Viuit, in aeternum viuet Dux inclitus armis,
Mountioyus: viuet Forde Poema tuum,
Maior vterque suo genio. Vi carminis Heros,
Materia felix nobilis autor ope,*

T. P.



THE
EARLE of Devonshire
deceased.

SWIFT Time the speedy pursuant of heauen,
Sommons to glorious virtues canoniz'd,
The lasting volume where *worth* roues vneuen
In brazen characters immortaliz'd;
Where merit liues imbrac't base scorne despis'd:
Linckt to vntainted Truth sprong from the same,
Begets his eaglet-towring daughter Fame.

Fame, she who long coucht her emperiall crowne,
Within the blinded darke of swarthy night,
Sores now aloft triumphant vp and downe,
With radiant splendour gayer then the light,
And by how much more known so much more bright,
Proclaimes aloud defiance to disdaine,
Which hir with thoughts prophane shold entertain.

Nor doth she lacky in this vale of mud,
This razed world, but still in state arise,
Lifting her plumed crest from out the flood
Of Sea and Land: whiles she with wonder flies
About the circle of the top'esse skyes:
And Spirits most heroicke doth enflame,
With adoration of hir sacred name.

B

Base

The Earle of Deuonshire

Base *Feare* the onely monument of slaues,
Progenitor to shame, skorne to gentilitye,
Herauld to vs her pesants to their graues,
Becomes abiected thoughts of faint seruility,
Whiles hauty fame adornes nobility:
Planting hir gorgeous throne vpon the crest,
Of honour casked in a royall breast.

This makes grosse dregges of soules admire the verse
Of shrill strayn'd Artsmen whose Ambrosiack quills
Whiles they desert's *Encomiens* sweet rehearse,
The world with wonder and amazement fills,
Affrighted with the threats of horrid ills:
Astonishing the chaffe of pampered men,
With high rear'd accents of their golden pen.

O that some sacred poet now suruiu'd,
Som *Homery* to new mourn *Achilles* losse,
Our deare *Achilles* losse, of life depriu'd,
Who liuing, life in dangers death did tosse,
Not daunted with this hazard or that crosse:
O that he liu'd with scholyes most deuine,
To cote and add one worthy to the nine.

The nine had past for saints, had not our time
Obscur'd the beames of their bright splendent prayse,
By a more noble worthy whose sublime
Inuicted spirit in most hard assayes,
Still added reuerent statues to his daies,
Surmounting all the nine in worth as far,
As *Sol* the tincture of the meanest star.

Now

Deceased.

Now howering fame hath vail'd hir false recluse,
Makes reputation and beleeve her warrant,
Wonder and trueth hir conuoy to traduce
Hir train of shouts accomplishing hir errant,
Venting concealed virtue now apparant:
Imprints in Canons of eternall glorye,
Worth's monumentall rites, great *Mountioyes* story.

Great *MOVNTIOY* were that name sincerely scand,
Mysterious Hieroglificks would explaine,
Each letter's allegory grace the hand,
By whom the sence shold learnedly be drawn
To stop the dull conceits of wits prophane:
Diuing into the depth of hidden art,
To giue but due to each deserving part.

That is with homage to adore thy name,
As a ritche relique of memoriall,
A trophy consecrated vnto fame,
Adding within our hearts historiall,
High Epithetes past hyperbolicall.
Yet all to meane to ballance equall forrage,
And sympathize in ioincture with thy courage.

Liue, ô liue yee whom poets deck with lyes,
Raiffing your deeds to fames which neuer end,
Our Patriot staynes your fictions, no disguise
Of painted prayse his glory shall extend,
His owne great valour his deserts commend:
Such is his sounding notice all do know it,
No poet can grace him, he euery poet.

The Earle of Deuonshire

None him, He all can grace, his very story
Giues lawrell to the Writer crownes of bay,
The title of his name attributes glory,
The subiect doth the Authors skill bewray,
Inlarging still his theame and scope to say:
Nor is one found amongst a world of men,
Who perfect can, his actions with his pen.

Had he himselfe like *Julius Caesar* wrote,
Whiles as he liu'd his owne acts commendation,
In fluent Commentaries vs'd to cote
Eche hazards conquest by a trew probation,
Exemplify'd with termes of arts relation:
Then had he wingd in height of fame for euer,
His fame his name (as now) been razed neuer.

Goe yet *Ritch-stiled Peere* and ouertake,
(Thy selfe shalt priuiledge thy selfe by merit)
Thy soules-vnited *Essex* for whose sake,
Thou didst aduance thy loue, which did inherit
The deere reuerfion of his elate spirit:
Then go great *Montioy* lustre of this age,
Pace still thy name in pompous equipage.

When first his birth product this prime of hope,
An impe of promise mild procliuitie;
Gratious aspects euen in his Horolcope,
Prædominated his natiuity,
Alotting in his arme nobility:
That being nobly borne he might perseuer,
Inthro'nd by fame nobilitated euer.

Now

Deceased.

Now when his infant yeares waxt mellow ripe,
Ballac't in pithy scales of youths discrefion;
As past the childish feare, feare of a stripe,
Or schools correct with deeper graue impressiō,
He scorn'd the mimick thoughts of base condition:
By earnest documents foreshowing wholly,
His iust contempt of vnreguarded folly.

For hauing suckt the rudiments of learning,
Grammars Elixar iuice and quintessence,
He soon approu'd his iudgement by discerning
Applying with industrious diligence,
To follow studies of more consequence:
Then by a syllogistick kind of warre,
He ruminates on thoughts which nobler are.

He learnes sharp-witted logick to confute;
With quick distinctions, sleights of Sophistry,
Inritchng his ritche knowledge doth it sute,
And sounds the depth of quaint philosophye,
Himselfe the mirror of morality:
And proues by instance *Aristotle* lyes,
Whoyong mens aptnesse to the same denies.

He studies it, yet is himselfe the subiect,
Subiect of ciuill virtues, chiefe of good,
Arts pith and natures dearling, honours obiect
As noble by his wit as by his blood,
Honour and wisedome on his forehead stood:
Thus now to court he goes there to remain,
For court should none but nobles entertain.

Noble

The Earle of Devonshire

Noble he was, witnesse his elate spirit
Whose vnappalled stomak scorn'd compare,
Noble he was, witnesse his peerlesse merite,
Which stain'd competitours, witnesse his rare
Renown'd examples do the same declare:

Noble he was, in that he could not brooke
To haue his equall, or for sword or booke.

O had his auncestors but heretofore
Dream't such a sonn should spring from out their lyne,
They might haue truely grieu'd, and euermore
Haue blusht to thinke on it, that one diuine
Shold be their offspring, deeming it a signe
Of a lesse glorious happinesse for them,
Better might they haue drawn their race from him,

Then happy they that are or shalbe euer,
Deducted from the issue of this bloud,
Immortall be this name worn-wasted neuer,
The Index to trew fame, happy the good
Allyed in him by kin or Brotherhood:
Such his desert nor time nor malice term'd it,
His youth first promi'd and his yeares confirm'd it,

For being now appendant to the court,
His presence was the court to draw it to him
The saints of that smooth Paradise resort
With pleasure to behold, beholding woo him,
And what their fauours can they vow to do him:
Yea he reioyc'd the earths great deity,
That such a subiect grac'd hir empery.

Here

Deceased.

Here he began to tast the fragrant sinack,
The *catapotion* of heart-easing loue,
Here he perseuerd to assault the wrack,
Of supple passion, prouing to disproue,
That any soyle firm-setled thoughts should moue:
Here was he first who taught what should be done,
How Ladyes shold be lou'd, seru'd, woo'd and wooon.

In this secured solace of sweet peace;
He nurc't his yonger ioyes, not wholly bent
To wanton, sicke, lasciuious, amours ease
But to more primer passions of content,
Of ciuill mirth and iocund merriment:
Mirth in his looks, and virtue in his tounge
Fresh as the balme, smooth as the Mermaides song.

Actiuity abroad, daliance in chambers,
Becomes a perfect courtier, such was he,
What mayden breast so nice, as locks of amber
Could not inchant with loues captiuity?
Free spirits soone are caught when slaues go free:
What vncontrouled soule is so precise,
As may, yet will not tast earths paradise?

Mountiuy (the mounting ioy of heauens perfection)
Was all a man should be in such an age,
Nor voyd of lou's sence, nor yoakt in subiection
Of seruile passion, theame for euery stage,
Honour for him did honours pawne ingage:
Be witnesse flanders selfe, who must auow
Virtue adord his mind, triumph his brow.

Nor

The Earle of Devonshire

Nor did the pleasure of these courtly sports,
Indeer him to the softnesse of such ease
His euer-mounting thought far more imports,
The thirst of fame such form'd *Ideas* please,
The resty delicates of sweet disease:
To run a race at tilt, to catch the ring,
Did greater glory to his projects bring.

Let smooth-chind Amorists be cloyde in play,
And surfet on the bane of hatefull leisure,
Let idle howres follies youth betray,
Vnto the idle shame of boundlesse pleasure,
Such petty apes of filke want reasons measure:
Great *Mountiey* saw such loolnes of the witty
Which seing did not more disdain then pity.

No, his deep-reaching spirit could not brooke
The fond addiction to such vanity,
Reguardfull of his honor he forsooke,
The smicker vse of court-humanity,
Of rurall clownage or vrbanity:
He lou'd the worthy and endeuoring prou'd,
How of the worthy he might be belou'd.

Now he delights to see the faulcon fore,
About the top of heauen: then to chase,
The nimble Buck, or hunt the bristled Bore
From out the Sty of terror, now the race;
Barriers and sports of honorable grace:
Not games of thriftlesse prodigality,
But plots of fame and fames eternity.

For

Deceased.

For after toyes of courtshippe he assaies,
Which way to manage an vntamed horse
When, how, to spur, & rayn, to stop, and raise,
Close sitting, voltage of a manlike force,
When in career to meet with gallant course:
As Centaures were both horse and men: so he
Seemd on the horse nor could discerned be.

Such priuate exercise which limn'd the way
To publique reputation was his scope;
Ech howr grac'd howr, & each day grac'd day
With further expectation of great hope
Nor did his youth his noble leuels stoppe:
He aymd at high designes, and so attaynd
The high assigns to which his spirit aymd.

Lo heere the pith of valour moulded fast,
In curious workmanship of natures art:
Lo here the monuments which euer last,
To all succeeding ages of desert,
Noble in all, and all in euery part:
Records of fame, and characters of brasse,
Containing acts, such acts conceit do passe.

Triumphant soule of such a princelike Lord,
O I could dry the fountaines of myne eyes,
Vpon thy coffins hearse and euery word,
Which sorow shold out-sigh or grief implies
I could resolute two drops of sacrifice:
And spend them on the euergaping womb
Of the vnseason'd earth thy sacred tombe.

The Earle of Deuonshire

The sweetest cygnet of thy comforts heauen,
Thy lifes last paradise, thy hearts first loue
Could not bemoan the losse of thee bereuen
With more sweet-piercing plaints then I haue stroue,
To volly my discomforts yet approue
(Deer creature) thy to deerly bought distresse,
By vulgar censures base vnhappinesse.

But ah be still thy selfe, let not defame,
Of the rude *Chaos* aggrauate thy woes
The multitudes blind slander is no shame;
Rusticity his ioy by malice knowes,
The better best in iudging better showes:
Let grosse vnciuill hinds reguardlesse sleepe,
Remember thou thy losse, remembring weepe,

So mayst thou knightly youth who wert his friend,
Companion to his chamber and his bed,
His lou's much largesse did to thee extend,
And made the rumor of thy name be spred,
Euē to thy natie West wher thou wert bred:
Ah do not him forget who honourd thee
With perfect rites of mutuall amitie.

Nor canst thou stop the floodgates of thine eyes,
Great Peer of worth, and state who grieu'd thy thrall,
For Peerlesse *Essex* strife who sought to rise.
In vertuous honour which procur'd thy fall
Deuonshire bewayld thy dangers bitter gate
Then in requitall of much more then this
Sigh thou for him, still loue, and cherish his.

As

Deceased.

As much graue patron of sage wisdoms lore,
Mayst thou lament thy friendes vntimely race,
VWho euer fauour'd thee cause thou hast bore,
(Whiles he was *Ireland's* viceroy)thy great place,
Of treasurer in most respected grace:

His death deserues thy teares to solemnize
His ceremonious funerall obsequies.

Ye safe secured fathers of wise peace,
Iust senators and magistrates in aw,
Wealthy home-breaders which ingrosse your ease,
Ye learned legists of contentious law,
Ye rulers all who him victorious saw:

Feare ye like strokes as him of life depriues,
He was a brazen wall to guard your liues.

Double tounge-oyled courtiers whose neat phrases,
Do modell soorth your wittes maturity,
In honied speeches and sick-thoughted graces,
Cloking your soules in fins obscurity,
Yet fan your lightnesse in security,

Weep on his reuerent coarfe: for such as he
Now is,(not as he was)your selues shall be.

But ô forsaken souldiers ye haue lost,
The *Atlas* of your hopes your staffe your stay,
The staffe and stay of your ambitious boast,
Who guerdon'd you with seruices due pray,
On him the burthen of your treasure lay:

Reason commands your sorow for whose sake,
Himselfe all toile of paines would vndertake.

The Earle of Deuonshire

Like *Mars* in arms triumphant ye haue seene,
This warlike champion whose vndanted mind
Was neuer yet appall'd but still hath been,
Steeled against the worst, nor hath declin'd
To dull distrust but euermore enshrind
In goodly views of horror ready prest,
To purchase glory by his hands vnrest.

Witnesse (ye wars of *Belgia*) who tell,
Of his eternall fame heroique spirit
Incomparable height which did excell,
The common height of common stomacks merit
He lineally did thirst of worth inherit:
A chronicle of lasting memory,
A president of matchlesse souldery.

Let euery priuate action of desert,
Be theames for other pen's to labour in,
My quill shall onely knowne reports insert:
Who publicke credence and belief may win
Not to be taxt with fictions Ideots sin
Time cannot wrong nor enuy shall not wound,
The lawfull right of his due praises sound.

O who will lend me som deep-mouing stile?
Or add ynto my bluntnesse quick conceit?
What gentle goddesse wil vouchsafe a smile
To mine vnpolisht muse? what tempting bait
Of formall grace vpon my lynes will wayte?
What power diuine of some more angell woman,
Will make me thinke my verses more then cōmon?

Flint.

Deceased.

Flint-hearted *Lycia* may with mild aspect,
Cast vp the sigh of some fore-matched skorn
And in the mixture of disdayns neglect,
My death-bewayling scope of griete adorne,
Reuiuing dulnesse of a wit forlorne:
Amongst the fantasies of hir riuall louer,
Some groane with this deere nobles funerall couer.

No beauty full of change forbear thy care,
An Angell more celestiall payes hir vowes,
Vpon her lord deceased who did not spare,
To gratifie the frontyres of hir brows,
With as much pleasure as content allowes:
Thou Lady on my lines cast fauors glory,
Whiles I inscribe great *Mountioys* Irish story.

When fickle chance and deaths blindfold decree,
From the tribunall seat of awfull state,
Had hurried downe in black calamity
Renowned *Deuoreux*, whose aukward fate,
Was misconceited by fowle enuies hate:
Back was he cal'd from *Ireland* to come home,
And noble *Mountioy* must supply his roome.

Looke how two heart-vnited brothers part,
The one to slaughter, th'other to distrust,
Yet sorowing each with other pawns his hart
As being loath to goe, yet go they must,
Either to horror and a death vniust:
So *Essex* parts with *Mountioy*, ether mourning
The losse of others sight as nere returning.

So

The Earle of Deuonshire.

So Mountioy parts with Essex, and now flies
Vpon the wings of griefes to tents of terror;
Or els to vaunt his name about the skies,
Or leaue his liuelesse carkasse as a mirror
Of monumented feare to friends of error:
Vowing reuenge should on that land extend,
Which wrought the downfal of his worthiest friend.

Vnblest soyle (quoth he), rebellious nation,
Which hast with trechery sent troups to death,
Butcher of valiant bloods, earths reprobation,
Heauens curse and natures monster drawing breath,
By others wracks (as triall witnesseth)
Since by the meanes of thee my friend hath dy'd,
Mine arme shall scourge the loosenesse of thy pride,

Incenc'd with rage and treble-girt with force
Of Iustice, force and valour on he goes,
With sword and fire voyd of a smooth remorse,
He greets the strength of his half-conquered foes,
And on them yoakes of bondage doth impose:
or all must yeeld to mercy, or els flie,
Yet flying all must fight, and fighting die.

But o far be it from the height of fame,
To triumph on submission, he would not
Not tyrant-like in bloodshed boast agayne,
He hated it as to his worth a blot,
By lenitie more honour hath he got.
He was as by his favorites appear'd,
More fear'd then lou'd, yet much more lou'd the feard
De-

Deceased.

Destruction to the stiffneck't rebels stoute,
(Stout in their headlong miseries) was bent,
Ruine vnto the false inconstant route;
But fauour to the willing still he meant,
A perfect noble mind's trew document:
A rule intallible experience bred,
To striue for conquest, spare the conquered.

What myriades of hosts could not constraine,
He by his courteous mildnesse brought to passe
What all deuoyr of mercie could not traine,
By his victorious power enforced was,
Both words of milk, and thunderbolts of brasse
Attended on the pleasure of his nod,
They deemd him for a humane demy-god.

And thou *Tyrone* the idole most adored,
Amongst the superstitious mutiners,
Whole deepe ambitious reach was still implored,
To raise more millions of treacherers,
Of homicidiall cruell slaughterers:
Euen thou thy selfe, when any traitor spake
of *Mountioy*, at that very name didst quake.

That verie name did prostitute the heart
of mischief-breeding counsailes in the dust;
In hearing of that name they felt the smart,
of vanquisht dread as augur to distrust,
Which was by feare inthral'd, by doubt discust:
Mountioy a name importing threats of thunder,
Frustrating hopes of life, and life asunder.

Mountioy

The Earle of Deuonshire.

Mountioy a name of grim seuerity,
Mountioy a name of meeknes peace and loue,
Mountioy a name to rayne temerity,
Mountioy a name which vertue did approue,
Mountioy a name which ioy did euer mooue:
Mountioy a charter of inuicted fame,
Yet *Mountioy* was far greater then his name.

His name which stretcht beyond the boundlesse limits,
Of all the oceans empire and made knowne
His hauty chiuallry in forraine climates,
VWhich by the trumpe of glore was lowdly blowne,
In courtes of greatest princes of renowne:
Each palace with an eccho speaking shrill,
Resounded his fayre deeds of honour still,

The wily Irish whose inueterate hate,
Vnto the lawes of Iustice nere would bow,
Whose sleighes no powr of power could abate,
Or euer vndermine before till now,
VWith gentle menace of a pliant brow:
This man more then a man, this god in arms,
Vnited ceasing plots of further harmes.

Now they began to see, and seeing feele
The sweet of concord, bitternesse of warre,
The sharpe reproofe of double-edged steele,
The peace of peace how wretched brawlers are
How blessed the secure, content doth farre
Exceed contention, better shun wars toile,
Then euer liue in faction by the spoile.

The

Deceased.

The sonne against the Father long oppos'd,
The Vnkle with the nephew at debate,
The friend with troupes of foe-like friends inclos'd.
Brother with brother set in mortall hate,
Kin which with Kin did kindred violare:
Duty, alliance, frindship blood, and loue:
All struiuing he to concord all did moue,

Peeres in defiance of each others greatnesse,
Nobles complotting nobles speedy fall,
Hereconcil'd, & made the tast the sweetnes,
Of happy league & freed them from the gall
Of steepe destructions ruine, ruines thrall:
Tygers and lions, bores, and raging Bulles,
Hath he atton'd with Leopards & Volues,

A land of penury scarcity, and want
He hath inritcht with plenty, ease and store
A land where humain reason was most scant
He hath endow'd with wildomes sacred lore
Accosting it more fertile then before:
A land of Barbarous inhumanitye
He hath reduc't to blessed piety.

Now had he ripened all his hopes at full,
Imparadiz'd his soule in deare content
And wrought the nature of a people dull
To what his glory aym'd at when he meante,
To set a period to his banishment:
And greete his natiue soyle with much desire
To get aguerdon'd fauour for his hyre,

D

Now

The Earle of Deuonshire

Now did he feed his laboures with delight
Of viewing his diuiner soueraigne,
presenting conquests of well mastred spight:
vnto her gracious loue, and thence obtaine,
Hir willing acceptation as a gaine
Of reward after toyle, and glad hir yeares,
In strengthening hir dominions chafing feares.

But ô ere he could apprehend that ioye
She flew from earth to bewtifie the heauen,
Eliza dy'de, death's iauelin did destroy
The euer boast of England fate had weauen
The twist of life, and hir of life bereauen
She dy'de and left the worlde in tears of terror
To weepe hir losse and woonder at her mirror

Neuer it was her hap to see that land
which long had boyled in stern rebellious treason
To be subdu'de vnto her mild commaund
And vaunt the Trophey of that peacefull season
Malice did euer blind their sences reason;
She dy'de ere rumour could that ease relate
The newes was happy, but for hir to late,

To late for her and for our Lord to late
Hir death for him too soon, but shorte anon
Distrust was turnd to trust, for in greate state
England's *Mecenas* in succession
was soone made know'n by praclamation
And vndertooke the Burthen of the crowne
Aduauncing merit low disgrace threw downe

As

Deceased.

As Cæsar led his captiue slaues to Rome
To grace his triumph magnify his fame
So now did *Mountioy* with Tyrone come home
Victorious, welcome, adding to his name
(By fauour of our King who gaue the same)
A Style of honour to his blood innated
Deuonshieres ennobled Earle was created.

In Robes of peace accoutrements of rest
He was aduanc't a Counsayllour and ioy'd
The soft fruition of a grauer breast
Not with the Brunt of warrefare more annoyde
Nor with the dint of hazard ouercloyde
But sate with iudgment to discerne of lawes
Which he had guarded with his swordes applause.

In him was England two fould fortunate
He was her champion and her Senator
Both to defend her good and moderate
To fight both for her safety, and confer,
Both to encourage subiects and deter
Reuolter's from offending, both in one
And one in both himselfe he was alone.

Thus louing all he liu'd belou'd of all,
saue some whome emulation did enrage
To spit the venom of their rancour's gall,
Which dropt vpon themselues & made the stage
A publique Theater for follyes badge
Their shame wil! still outline theyr memory
Onely remembered in infamy.

The Earle of Deuonshire

Such poorer in desert then ritch in woorth,
Are but as shadowes which appear but are not,
Such but disgorge lanck indiscretion forth,
Of needlesse repetitions which declare not
Trew grounds, when for the trueth it self they care not,
Yet hold themselues abusd and highly scorne,
To brooke the chance to which themselues ar born.

Go weake betraiers of your witleffe madnesse?
Your malice will reuert vpon your breasts,
Not lookes of grauer nicenesse nicer sadnesse,
Can shadow imputations of vnrests,
His greater spirit at your fondnesse iests:
You vex your selues, not him, and make men gaze,
At your own wrōgs which your own tōgues do blaze

Sinck blind detraction into lowest earth,
Lest ballad-rimers tyre their galled wits,
Scornes to their patrones making iuycelesse mirth,
To grosse attentors by their hired writs,
Dispraise with such poore hackneys better fits:
Well may such enuy those heroyicke deeds,
There apprehensions leane conceit exceeds.

Fame-royallized *Deuonshire* settled now,
In well-deserued place of eminence,
The expectance of his wisdom doth allow,
By cancelling affayres of consequence,
And by endeouours of sage diligence:
Approues his greatnesse, largesse to applie
The fruits of dear-experienc't pollicy.

Not

Deceased.

Not puffed with weening self-affected pride,
Common to vpstart honours counterfeite,
But fauouring the worthy he suppli'd,
Deserts necessities, and made the height
Of his aduancement on their needs to waite
" True noblenes with breth sucks noble spirits
" When bastard broods conceite but bastard merits,

Men rais'd to flote of fortune from the mud,
Of low deiection and at length grown great,
Forget that they are men, and scorn the blood
Of meane allyance, boasting in the seat
Of empire which ambition doth beget:
Such not esteeme desert but sensuall vaunts,
Of parasites and fawning sycophants.

Be tyrants kings to such seruility?
And peasants seruite to such currs of shame?
Deuonshire the issue of nobility:
Auoyded rumor of such foule defame,
True virtue grac'd his mind, applause his name:
Applause his name, which whiles the heauens diuine
Containe their lights vpon the earth will shine.

True virtue grac'd his mind be witnesse euer,
The prouident forecare of wise discretion,
His wary prudence which did still endeuor
To hold him from the wrack of spights impression,
From faith approu'd he neuer made digression:
" That is true prudence when deuoyd of feare,
" A man vntoucht himselte vpright doth beare.

True

The Earle of Devonshire

Trew vertue grac'd his mind in which was grounded
The modest essence of firme Temperaunce
Which neuer was with fortunes chaunge confounded
Or troubled with the Crosse of fickle chaunce,
Distrust his spirit neuer could enhaunce
That man is perfect temperate whole life
Can neuer be disturb'd but free from strife.

Trew virtue grac'd his mind, witnesse his courage
His resolution armed Fortitude
Witnesse his stomack's prime which striu'd to forrage
Extremes euen by extremities subdu'd
Slaves with the eyes of pitty he reuiew'd
He who can Conquer miseryes in neede
Enioyes the height of fortitude indeede .

Trew virtue grac'd his minde, witnesse at last
His sober cariage, twixt the scales of measure
Who when he was in awe of Iustice plac't
Studied how to the meanest to doe pleasure
So rare a guift in such a man's a treasure:
Sincerest Iustice is not to decerne
But to defend, ayde, further and confirme

True virtue grac'd his mind, witnesse all these
Which in his person were essentiall
Ready to helpe the poore, the great to please
In rites of honour, neither greate or small
Would he prefer, but merit paiz'd them all
Since all these vertues were in him combin'd
Truth will auow true vertue grac'd his mind:

Not

Deceased.

Not in the wrack of Prodigality
Nor thrittleffe riot of respectlesse meane
Did he extend his liberalitie
But to his honors credit, where was seen
Apparent worthinesse, he still hath been
A Patron to the learned and a propp,
To fauour studyes now dispised cropp.

Thou marrow of our English poesy
Thou life and blood of verse canst record this,
The Bounty of his zeale can gratifye
Thy labour's of endeuors: what was his
He graunted to thy muses happiest blisse
A liberall *Mecenas* to rewarde thee
A Lord of speciall fauour to regard thee.

By firm allegiance, courtesie, and kindnesse,
vnto his prince, his peeres, his frindes in deer'd:
By sterne constraint, meek scorne, & willing blindnes,
Of all his foes, backbiters grudgers fear'd
He in his life-time euermore appeared
Peace, pittie, loue, with mildnesse, ease, and rest,
Rul'd, torgaue, ioyde, his soule, his wrongs, his breast

Linck't, in the gracefull bonds of dearest life
vniustly term'd disgracefull he enioyd,
Contents aboundance, happinesse was rife
Pleasure secure, no troubled thought annoyd
His comfort's sweetes, toyle was in toyle destroyd
Maugre the throat of malice, spight of spight
He liu'd vnited to his hearts delighte.

His

The Earle of Deuonshire.

His hearts delight who was that glorious starre
which bewtified the value of our lande,
The lightes of whose perfections brighter are
Then all the lampes, which in the lustre stand
Of he auens fore head, by discretion scan'd
Wits ornament, earth's loue, loues Paradise
A Saint diuine, a bewty fairly wise.

A bewtye fayrely-wise, wisely discreete
In wincking mildely at the toong of rumour,
A saint, meerely diuine, diuinely sweete,
In banishing the pride of idle humour
Not relishing the vanity of tumour:
More then to a female of so high a race;
With meekenesse bearing sorrows sad disgrace.

A sad disgrace? ô that the eyes of sence
Should pry into the nature of the worst
Poore fortunes enuy greatenesse eminence,
Because themselves in worldly cares are nurc't.
Deluding types of honour as accurst
When they themselves ar most accurst of all
Who being lowest lower cannot fall.

Euen as a quire of modell-tuning birds,
Chirping their layes in natures pliant straine,
Euen so these courtiers flow'd in termes of words,
Vntill the Nightingale in sweet complaine,
Did vrge the rest as rauisht to refraine:
So this heart-stealing goddesse charm'd their eares,
To heare her fluent wit, they blush at theirs.

Lct

Deceased.

Let merit take hir due, vnfeed I write,
Compel'd by instance of apparent right,
Nor choa'kt with priuate hopes doe I indite,
But led by trueth as knowne as is the light,
By prooffe as cleere as day, as day as bright:
I reck not taunting mocks, but pity rather
The foolish offspring of so vaine a father.

Deuonshire I write of thee a theam of wonder
Wonder vnto posterity succeeding,
A stile importing fame as lowde as thunder,
Sounding throughout the world: the times yet breeding
Shall deifie thee by thy stories reading:
Making large statues to honorifie
Thy name, memorialls rites to glorifie.

As oft as *Iames* the monarch of our peace,
Shall be in after chronicles recited,
In that to heau'ns applause and subiects ease
England and *Scotland* he in one vnited,
A fight with which true *Britains* were delighted:
So oft shalt thou eternall fauour gaine,
Who recollected'st *Ireland* to them twaine.

A worke of thanks in strengthening the force
Of such an entire Empire now secure,
A world within it selfe which whiles the course
Of heauen continueth lasting wil endure
Fearelesse of forraign power, strong and sure
A bulwarke intermur'd with walls of Brasse,
A like can neuer bee, nor cuer was.

E I

Twas

The Earle of Deuonshire

Twas the Puissant vigour of thine arme,
T'was the well-labouring proiect of thy braine
Which did allay the further feare of harme,
Inriching *Battaya* with this happy gaine
Of blessed peace which now it doth retaine,
It was thy warye resolution brought it,
It was thy ready pollicy that wrought it.

Thou wer't a *Phœnix*, such a bird is rare
Rare in this wodden age of avarice,
When thirst of gold, not Fame may best compare,
with those of choycest wo th'rich men are wise,
„ Honest, if honesty consist in vice
„ Strong purses haue strong frinds he hath most praise
„ who hath most wealth:ô blindnesse of our dayes?

Dye thoughtes, of such corruption we intend
To shew the substāce not the shadowed gloze,
The prayse we speake of doth it selte commend
And i. ee. 's no ornament vnlike to those
who by *preconion*'s virtue doth impose
A talke vpon our quill, not what we would,
Doe wee inferr but what in right we should.

He whom we treat of was a president,
Both for the valiant and iudicious,
Both *Mercury* and *Mars* were resident;
In him at once, sweet words delicious,
And horryd battaile were to him auspicious:
Both armes and arguments to force or traine,
To win by mildnesse, or by threats constraine.

Deceased.

Two speciall beauties chiefly did adorne
His faire vnblemisht soule and spotlesse mind,
To god religious he himselfe hath borne,
With zealous reuerence in zeale enshrind,
And to his prince still loyall euer kind:
At thon's monarchick gouernment he trembled,
'Cause it the others deity resembled.

Deuout in feruency of ardent loue
Vnto the value of saluation,
The due respect of sou'raignty did moue,
Vnto his princes throne an intimation
Of feare, not mark't in smooth dissimulation:
He of his race hereafter may be voucht,
That he was found in both, in both vntoucht.

What more yet vnremembred can I say,
And yet what haue I sayd that might suffice?
He was the trophy of a greater day,
Then time would euer limit to our eyes,
He was a peere of best approued guise:
He was the best, the most, most best of all,
Heauen's pride, earths ioy, we may him iustly call.

Heauens pride? for heauen into him infus'd,
The quintessence of ripe perfection,
No guist on him bestow'd he hath abus'd,
But betterd by his better lifes direction,
Keping contempt of virtue in subiection:
A penitentiall contrite vorary,
To sanctimonious taintlesse purity.

The Earle of Devonshire

Earth's ioy, for in the earth he liu'd renown'd
By all the excellency of natures art
With all the boast and pith of honor crown'd
That royalty to merit could impart,
The wreathe of ioyes was set beneath his hart
The light of worth's delight, the Pharaos tower
Which was refulgent by his Lordly power.

Thus in the iollity of humane pleasure
Aduanc't to steps of state and high degree
Beloued and ador'd in equall measure
Of greatest and the meanest fates decree,
Bent power against his power, for (aye me)
(Fye on that for) whiles he in glory stood,
Of worldly pompe cold droop't his noble blood.

O what *Heracitus* would spare his eyes
To show'r teares in showers and distill
The liquid of a greeu'd hearts sacrifice
Which will consume it selfe, what dolefull knell
Of pearcing grones will sigh the worst of ill
The worst of ill, the worst of cruell fate,
Could spit euen in the bitternesse of hate

All yee who hitherto haue read his story,
Iust Panegyrickes of Heroyque deedes,
Prepare your eyes to weep, your harts to sory
The wracke of darknesse which from death proceedes,
The murther of delight which murther breeds,
Loe heere an alteration briefly chaung'd
Now all but ioy, now from all ioy estrang'd.

Deceased.

ô Coward times why doe you keepe your dayes?
ô Orbes of heauen why doe you runne your course?
ô seas why doe not floods your waues vprayse
And ne're reflow agayne with moderate sourse?
ô Sun why dost not quench thy beames hot force
ô why doe all things certaine settled tarye,
Saue men's short liues who still vnconstant vary.

Instance vnpartiall death, deafe sorrow's subiect
Pleasures abater, fickle youth's dispiser
Headstrong in malice, inaffected obiect
To euery sence, the subtile flye inticer
To guilded hopes, the heauen's wil's reuisor
Instance his triumph, instance his sure dart
Which misseth none, hits home still to the hart.

Now had the season enterteyn'd the spring
And giu'n a welcome to the dayes of mirth,
When sweet harmonious birds began to sing
With pleasant roundelayes which grac'd the earth,
By long expectance of the blossomes birth,
When at the dawne of Floraes trimmed pride
Ere shee perfum'd the ayr, greate *Deuonshire* died.

He dy'de, a sullyde word, a wore of ruth:
For euer be it stamp't in misery:
Feareful vnto the old, hated of youth,
Markt with the finger of calamity:
Blotted from light of day, nights Herauldry,
He dy'de, brieve accents but enduring woe
The letters for whole dates of griefes may goe.
Torment

The Earle of Devonshire

Torment of mischiefe how thou grat'st my breast,
Milchiefe of torment how thou rackst my soule,
Vnhappy cares how is your heart distrest,
Wretched vnhappinesse which dost controule
The blisse of comfort, and alike enroule
Sad fortune in the dust, break life asunder,
Death is lifes miracle, scorns thanklesse wonder.

Wonder ô wonder of short breathed error,
A relique consecrated to defame,
A curb vnto the wise to fools a terror;
A terror of contempt, feare hate and shame,
A black obliuionizing of worths name:
A razer out of memory the merit,
Of many noble peers and peerlesse spirit.

Who dy'd? not he whose mungrell baser thought
Was steeped in the puddle of seruility,
Not he who daies of easie softnesse sought,
But threats of horror fitting his nobility,
To coronize high-soar'd gentility:
Who di'd? a man? nay more a perfect saint
Leauing the world in tears of sad complaint.

Life ah no life but soone extinguisht tapers?
Tapers? no tapers but a burnt outlight
Light? ah no light but exhalutions vapors
Vapours? no vapours but il-blinded sight?
Sight? ah no sight but hel's eternall night?
A night no might but picture of an else?
Ah else? no else but very death it selfe.

Then

Deceased.

Then life is death, and death the farthest goale
Of transitory frailty to conclude
The freedom of the while-imprison'd soule,
And stop the streames of heat by death subdu'd
To wan and chilly cold, fates hand is rude:
None fauouring the limit of an howr,
But doth all sort of states alike deuour.

Deuour thou them and surfet on the baite,
Of thine insatiate rapine? exercise
The utmost of thy vengeaunce nor delay it?
Let meagre g'uttony yet tyrannise,
To vse extreames? thy power we despise:
Kill whom thou darst, since *Devonshire* did depart,
We scorn the malice of thine enuious dart.

Sleep still in rest, honor thy bones enshrine,
(Victorious lord) sweet peace attend thy graue,
Mount thy best part with angels wings diuine;
About the throne of *Ioue* in quires to craue
By madrigalls the ioyes that thou wouldst haue.
So euer shall while dates of times remaine
The heauens thy soule, the earth thy fame containe.

If to be learned in the Arts of skill
If to be bewtifi'd with choyce of nature,
If to be guiltlesse from the soyle of ill
(Saue soyle of sclaunder) if the perfect feature,
Consist in being heauen's quaintest architecture
Then euer shall while dates of times remayne,
The heauens thy soule the earth thy fame contayne.

If

The Earle of Devonshire

If to be fear'd and lou'd be humane glory,
If to be dow'd with plenty of desert,
If to be chronicled in honours story:
If youth which graue discretion did conuert
It selfe in commendation may insert:
Then euer shall while dates of times remaine,
The heauens thy soule, the earth thy fame containe,

If wisdom stand in checking rather follie,
If virtue do depend on perfect zeale,
He in the one was wise, in th' other holy;
If to regard the prosperous common weale,
Be shewes of commendation to reueale.
Then euer shall while dates of times remaine,
The heauens thy soule, the earth thy fame containe,

If to be virtuous, zealous, valiant, wise,
Learned, respectiue of his countries good,
Vpright, in case of conscience precise,
Iust, bounteous, pitifull, noble by blood,
Be to deserue the name of liuely-hood.
Then euer shall while dates of times remaine,
The heauens thy soule, the earth thy fame contayne,

For thou wast all of these too high for earth,
Therefore more fit for heauen where thou rainest,
The angells ioy'd thy soules delightfull mirth,
And therefore fetcht thee hence, whereby thou gainest
The fruit of paradize where thou remainest:
And euer shalt remaine from vs berèauen,
Great as thou wast on earth, more great in heauen.

But

Deceased.

But ô giue leaue ere I forbear my pen,
Thy worth in what I may t'exemplifie,
And set thee as a president to men,
The due of thy desert to amplifie,
And thy humanity to deifie:
Of thy much merit to cast vp the summe,
Thus be thy epitaph, and here thy tombe.



Fi

His

The Earle of Deuonshire.

His Tombe.

The Epitaph.

*The course of time hath finisht now his breath,
whom brunt of war could neuer force to death:
whose thirst of worth the world could not suffice,
within a bredth of earth contented lyes.*

*betwixt the gods and men doubly deuided,
His soule with them, his fame with vs abided;
In this his life and death was counteruaild,
He iustly liu'd belou'd, he dy'd bewaild.*

*And so his happy memorie,
Shall last to all posterity.*



Deceased.

His Tombe.

The Epitaph.

*Day weareth day, howre consumes howr,
Years years, and age doth age deuour;
The man who now beholds the sun,
Ere it decline his life is done.*

*So by this great Lord doth appeare,
Whose honoured bones ly buried here;
Whose bones though they interred lye,
His glorious name will neuer dye:*

*But liue in praise,
To after daies.*



The Earle of Deuonshire.

His Tombe.

The Epitaph.

*Here lies he dead who living liu'd in Fame,
Consumd in body, fresh reuiu'd in name;
His worthy deeds exceeded tearme of date,
Alike his praise will neuer stoope to fate.*

*For who is he that can suppose,
That stones, great Deuonshire could enclose;
Whose noble acts renowned were,
Whiles as he liued euery where:
England reioyced in his valours due,
Which Ireland felt, and feeling did it rue:
but now by destiny heere sleeps he dead,
Whiles as his glory through the world is spred.*

*Vrging the greate in emulation,
Of his true honours commendation.*



Deceased.

His Tombe.

The Epitaph.

*No one exceeds in all, yet amongst many,
Yea amongst all he could do more then any;
Though more then mortall Virtue grac'd his mind,
He was vnto a mortall end confin'd:*

*and forc'd to yeeld vnto deaths force,
who in his shaft hath no remorse:
Princes, beggars, great and small,
he spareth none, he killeth all.*

*So did he rob high Deuonshire of his breath,
whose worth in spight of death will out liue death;
aduantage such his merit doth retaine,
He in his name will liue renewd againe.*

*And so though death his life deprive,
His life in death will new reuine.*



The Earle of Deuonshire

His Tombe.

The Epitaph.

*By
cruell dint
of death's respectlesse dart,
Greate Deuonshires soule
did from his bodye parte:
And left his carkasse in this earthly slime,
Whiles his fames essence to the skies did clime:
Roauing abroade, to fill the latter dayes
With woonder of his IVST deserued prayse:
So that eache AGE will in the time to come,
Admire his worthinesse, and mourne his TOMBE:*

*Which they shall euer count a shrine,
Of some deceased saint diuine.*



Deceased.

His Tombe.

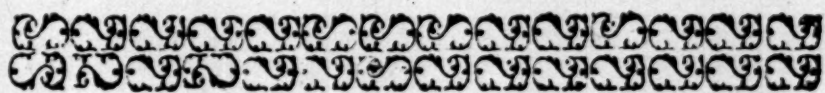
The Epitaph.

*Lo here
I reſte,
who liuing
was adored,
with all the honour*

Loue could haue implored:

*what earthly pomp might beautify my name,
In pryde of glorie I enioyde the ſame:
A Champion euer readye to defende her,
A Senatoure preſte alwayes to commend her:
Though with my harts delight my life is grac't,
Yet I in peace of death was croſt at laſt:*

*And now entombed here I lie,
A mirror in eternity.*



The Earle of Deuonshire

His Tombe.

The Epitaph.

*O what so ere thou be that passest by,
Looke on this hearse and weepe thy eye-lids dry,
The monument of worth, the angells pleasure,
which hordeth glories ritch inualued treasure:
The reliques of a saint an earthly creature,
Clad in the perfect mould of angell feature:
who liues euen after life, now being dead,
welcome to heauen in earth canonized.*

*The shoutes of fame,
Echoe his name.*



Deceased.

His Tombe.

The Epitaph.

*In blessed peace and soule-United rest,
Here sleeps the carkasse of a peer most blest;
Whose downfall all the plots of cursed fight
Could not procure, or terrifie his might:
but euermore he tam'd the pride of folly,
and castigated drifts of slaues vnholly,
Yet death at last with force of vigor grim,
When he had conquered many, conquered him.*

*and here amongst the quiet numbers,
Of happy soules he sweetly slumbers.*



The Earle of Deuonshire

His Tombe.

The Epitaph.

*The boast of Brittain and the life of state,
The pith of valour, noblenesse innate,
Foes scourge, friends hopes, sustainer of the poore,
whom most men did embrace, all men adore.*

*Fautor of learning, quintessence of arts,
Honours true liuelihood, monarch of harts,
The sacred offspring of a virtuous womb,
Lyes here enshrined in this halloved Tombe.*

*From out whose Phoenix dust ariseth,
Renowne, which earths whole globe inticeth.*



Deceased.

Loe heer nine tombes, on euery tombe engraue'd,
Nine Epitaphs shewing that worthyes nine
For each peculiar on a Toomb hath craue'd;
That their deserts who while the liue'd did shine
Might now be monumented in their shrine,
Yet all those nine no glory hence haue gain'd
For *Deuonshire* in himselfe all nine contain'd

The nine poore figures of a following substance
Did but present an after ages mirrour.
Who should more fame then they deserue'd aduance
And manifest the truth of that times error
Including *Deuonshire* earth's admired terrour,
For all the Poets who haue sung of them
Haue but in mistery adored him.

O now droppe eye-balls into sinck of mudd ?
Beharsh the tunes of my vnfeathered muse?
Sorrow suck vpp my griefes? consume the blud,
Of my youths mirth? let meager death infuse,
The soule of sadnesse to vntimely newes?
Dead is the hight of glory, dead is all
The pride of earth which was angelicall.

Ah that the goddesse whome in heart I serue
(Though neuer mine) bright *Lycia* the cruell
The cruell-subtile would the name deserue
Of lesser wise? and not abuse the Iewell
Of witt, which adds vnto my flame more fuell,
Hir thoughts to elder merits are confin'd
Not to the solace of my yonger mind.

The Earle of Devonshire

Bee't for yet on the thearne of this Ie spend
The residue of plaintes and euer mourne
The losse of this greate lord, till trauayles send
More comfort to my wretched hart forlorne,
Who since at home disgrac'd abroad is borne
To sigh the remnant of my wearied breath
In lamentation of his haplesse death,

Sheath vp the sword of war, for *Mars* is dead
Scale vp the smoothed lippes of Eloquence,
For flowing *Mercury* is buried,
Droope wisdom *Numas* graue intelligence,
Is vanisht, *African's* stout eminence,
In Devonshire lyes obscur'd, for he alone
Exceeded all, they all dide in him one.

Charles the greate is dead who farre excelled
Charles whome former times did call the great
Charles who whilom whils on earth he dweled,
Adorn'd the exaltation of his seat
By the alarum of deaths grim reterate,
Is mustered to the camp from whence he came
Cherub's, and *Seraphims* of datelesse fame.

O that a man should euer be created
To eternize his glory heere on earth:
Yet haue his pompe of glory soone abated,
Euen at the present issue of his birth
And loose the Trophey of that instant mirth
Heere is the guerdon'd meede of victory
No sooner to atchieue, as soone to dy.

Deceased.

Is death the rewarde of a glorious deede?
Is death the fee of valour? is desert
Repayd with death shall honours gayne Proceed
By losse of life? ô then a cowards heart
Of earthly comfort hath the better part
Then better liue in peace and liue, then trye
The brunt of conquest and regardlesse dye.

Dye thoughtes of such disgrace dye thirst of state.
Dye thoughtes of empty ayr'd ambition
Dye thoughtes of soring maiestyes elate
Dye inclination to conscript condition
Dye pride of Empyre sou'raigneys commission,
All that in soule of life may bee esteem'd
Oh dye, fatte cannot be with bribes redeem'd.

Dye portly hunger of eternity
Dye hott desires of vnbounded pleasure,
Dye greediness of false prosperity,
Dye giddie solace of ill suted leisure,
Dye hopes of hoorded canker-eaten treasure
Ambition, Empire, glory, hopes and ioy
For euer dye, for death will all destroye.

For death will all destroy as he hath donn,
In seising to his strong remorselesse gripe
All triumphs Noble *Deuonshire* euer wonn,
Plucking the blossomes of his youth vnripe
And make them yeeld vnto his thanklesse gripe:
But, ah why should we task his dart uneuen
Who took from earth what was more fit for heauē.

He

The Earle of Deuonshire

He was more fitte for heauen then to suruiue
Amongst the chaffe of this vn season'd age,
Where new fantastick ioyes doe seek to thriue
By following sensuall toyes of follyes rage,
Making the glosse of vice true vertues badge:
He saw that shame which misery begun it,
Seing he did it scorne and scorning shun it.

Hence sprung the venom of impoysoned hate,
Poore malediction's sting, who did despise
Bright honor's stamp, which in his bosome sate,
For that he could not brooke to temporise
With humours masked in those times disguise:
But let dogs barke, his soules aboue theyr anger
They cannot wound his worth with enuies slander.

He sleepes secured and in blessed slumber's
of peacefull rest he carelesse rests in peace,
Singing lowd anthemes with the sacred numbers
Of happy saints, whose notes do neuer cease:
But euermore renewing fresh increase
Whiles he doth sing and angels pleasure take,
We mourne his death and sorry for his sake.

Not for his sake but for our haplesse owne,
Who had so rich a prise and did not know it,
Iewel's being had for Iewel's are not know'n,
For men in happy fortune doe foreslow it,
The value when 'tis lost doth chiefly shew it
So wretched is our blindnesse, and so hate full,
As for the guifts we haue we are vngratefull.

Euen

Deceased.

Even as a poring scholler who hath read
Some Cosmographick Booke, and finds the prayse
Of some delitious land deciphered
Cast's sundry plots how by what meanes and wayes,
He may partake those pleasures, months and dayes,
Being spent he goes and ravisht with the mayne
Of such delight he nere returns agayne,

So *Deuonshire* by the Bookes of inspiration
Contemplating the ioyes of heauens content
In serious thoughts of meditation
Which he in perfect zeal had long time spent
Thirsting to be immortall hence he went,
He thither comes and glorying it in that speare
Vnmindfull of this home, he triumphes there,

Long may he triumph ouer topping cloudes,
Of our all-desperate mouldes vexation,
Pittyng the sorrow which our danger crowds
With ioylesse taste of true ioyes desolation,
Whiles he enioyes his soules high delectation
Long may he liue whom death now cannot moue
His fame below, his spirit wings aboue.

Above the reach of humane witts conceite
Above the censure of depraued spight
Above earths paradizes counterfeyt.
Above imagination of delight,
Above all thoughts to think or pens to write
Ther doth he datelesse dayes of comfort spend,
Renowned in his life, blest in his end.

Anagramme



Anagramma ex Camdeno.

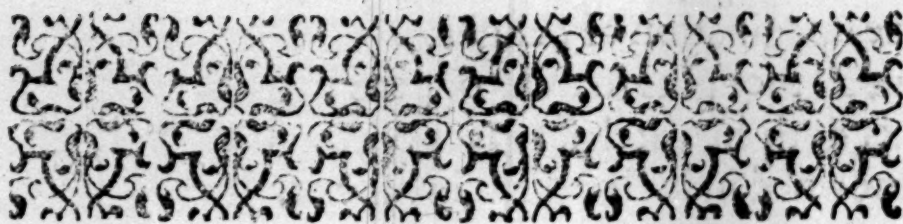
CAROLVS BLVNTVS.

Bonus, ut sol clarus.

IN life vpright and therefore rightly *good*,
Whose glory shind on earth and thence a *Sunn*
By his renowne as cleere hee's vnderstood,
Whose light did set when as his life was done:
Bright as the sun, good euer to aduance,
The soule of merit spurning ignorance.

Good in the virtue of his powerfull arme, (harm,
Which broughte more peace to peace, chac't feares of
And whiles he liu'd a wonder maz'd the light,
Two suns appeard at once, at once as bright:
For when he dyde and left his fame behind,
One *Sunn* remaynd, the truest *Sun* declin'd.

*Dignum laude virum,
Musa vetat mori.*



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